

370

## A Bill of Fare:

For, A Saturday nights Supper, A Sunday morning Breakfast, and  
A Munday Dinner, Described in a pleasant new merry Dittie.

To the tune of Cooke Lowell, or, Michaelmas Termes.



8.  
I le tell you a Jest, which you'll hardly beleue :  
No matter for that, you shall hear't right or wrong,  
A hungry appetite may perhaps grieve.  
To heare such a Banquet set forth in a Song,  
We rather wold haue it then heare on't ha'l say,  
But I cannot promise him such a faire sight ;  
All that I can doe, is with words to display,  
What we had to Supper on Saturday night.

In primis, soure Fancies, two beyld, and two roast,  
A large dish of Endimions (good for one's drinke)  
Sir Pelican Chichens as hotte as a toast,  
And sir Birds of Paradise, haue meint I thinke,  
A couple of Phenix, a Cocke and a Hen,  
That late from Arabia had fane their flight.  
I thinkie such a Banquet was ne're made for men,  
As we had to Supper on Saturday night.

Two paires of Elephants pettines boyld,  
A grane Dragon Spitchcock (an excellent dish)  
One messe by the Cooke was like to be spoil'd,  
And yet by god hap 'twas to every one's wold :  
It was a Rhinoceros boyld in elegant,  
To all who did taste it, gane great delight :  
Judge wher' ther we haue not occasion to haue  
Of this our rats Supper on Saturday night.

A Calves head was roast with a pudding i'th belly,  
(Of which all the women did heartily fwe)  
A dish of Irish Harts hernes boyld to a Jolly,  
(Which most men esteem'n as a god dede indeede)

I had almost forgotten to name a soone's Dible,  
Brought by to the Waller o'th feaste as his right,  
He lon'd it he said above all other feaste,  
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

The next in due course was soure golden Roishones,  
Cryally dissolved through a Walmeocks biss, (chuse)  
Sir Camelions in greenes saice (hauds commonly)  
This dish every day if they may haue their will,  
The shane of a Lyon, the haunch of a Beare,  
Well larded with Wilmottes and Quickebines bright  
Jodge Gentlemen, was not this excellent cheare,  
That we had to Supper on Saturday night.

A whole Parke Colift after the Russian manner,  
Twelve Pigs of a strange Capadocien Witch,  
Sir dozen of Cringies rost, (which a Tanner  
Did send out of Asia by an old witch)  
A Leg of an Eagle carbonadoe (in sonote)  
The pluck of a Champane Stein's till it was white,  
And thus in particular I let you know,  
What we had to Supper on Saturday night.

Then came in an Oll of a Jackneprestail,  
Herr'd in upon knippes as dandy as may be :  
That is a unitie, judged rather then faille,  
Right well forme to haue an extremly long :  
Tinnes spades were stell'd in the shell of a Sloberry,  
And coust it was meat that was helpe very light,  
They haue for their saunce a salt pickled Rince,  
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

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A couple of Phenix, a Cocke and a Hen,  
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Did send out of Asia by an old witch)  
A Leg of an Eagle carbonado (in sonote)  
The pluck of a Champus Stein's till it was white,  
And thus in particular I let you know,  
What we had to Supper on Saturday night.

Then came in an Oll of a Jackneprestail,  
Herr'd in upon knippes as beautie as may be :  
That is a beauty, indeede rather then faire,  
Right well forme to haue an amorous bairn :  
Tinnes spades were stell'd in the shell of a Sloberry,  
And coust it was meat that was helpe very light,  
They haue for their saunce a salt pickled Rince,  
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

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The second part, To the same tune.

**T**was Beares lewle pig fassion sent to me 'e the  
Ans 4 black swans seen'd by 2 in a dish. (M. P.)  
With a Lobster fried in steaks : take my word,  
I know not well whether it was flesh or filf.  
Two Cockatrice, and three Babones boyls,  
Two dry Salamanders, a very strange sight,  
A Joale of a whale soundly butter'd and spic'd,  
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

A good dish of Podicums, I know not what,  
In Barber's Vinegar boyls very soft,  
I mus'd holp my Hostis became so huge fat,  
I fand tis with eating there Podicums oft:  
A Croise of Canary birds roall'd alias,  
That out of the dishes (so spott) took their flight,  
And every one present to catch them did strive:  
This was our rare Supper on Saturday night.

A shoals of Red-berrings with holes 'bout their neckes,  
Which made such rare sport that I never saw such,  
They leaped and danced with other fine tricks,  
A man may admite how they come doe so much.  
Two Porposes parboil'd in May-dew and Rose,  
That unto the smell yee lovd so much delight  
Home (feareing to lose them) laid hold on their noses,  
All this was at Supper on Saturday night.

This dozen of Welsh Emballadoys bak't,  
Which made such a noise it was heard through the town  
Some hearing the echo their foreheads so ak't,  
What many a smile was overcome with a scrunse:  
A dish of Bonitoes, or fish that can fly,  
That out of the Jades came hither by flight,  
To cloise up our stomacks, a Gildron Pye  
We had to our Supper on Saturday night.

But what commeth after must not be forgotten,  
The fruit and the Chase as they follow by course,  
A West-Indian Chase (not a bit of it rotter,  
What made of no more then the milke of a Horse)  
A dish of pine-apples, two bushels at least,  
An hundred of Coquenuts for our delight.  
The world may admire at this wonderfull feast,  
Which we had at Supper on Saturday night.

Our pumpions coaled with exquisite Art,  
To pleasure the palate of every one there.  
When we at the last had a great Cabbage Cart;  
Thus have I exactly described our Charet  
What all this amounted to, I cannot tell,  
It cost me but nothing, no faith not a pence,  
The Master o' th' Feast (whom I know very well)  
Did pay for this Supper on Saturday night.

We rose from our mirth with the 12 a clock Chimes,  
Went every one home as his way did direct;  
And I for my part in the morning betimes,  
Had a Breakfast prepar'd, which I did not expect:  
My wife, because she was not bidden to Supper,  
(It seemes by the Sooy) she bare me a spight:  
The Breakfast she gave me, to you I will tell,  
It passed our Supper on Saturday night.

Sunday morning Breakfast.

**F**irst had I a dish of Spembering broath,  
So scolding hot that I could not abide it,  
But I like a patient man (though I was loath)  
Wolt swallow all dolon, cause my wife did prouide it,  
A many small Kestons she put in the same,  
Her Host yeilded Pepper that keenly did bite;  
Thought I here's a w'z aksaft, I thank my god damed,  
That passes our Supper on Saturday night.

A great Carpe Pye, and a dish of sad Roast,  
With Crocodile Vinegar, sauce very tart,  
Quench he thot last night walk among thy sound frens,  
How fall to the Breakfast, and comfort the heart:  
Then had I a Cup full of Scott allornmed Hare,  
It seemes that in Physiche he has godd insight,  
This shew'd me the difference twixt the honest cheare  
And our dainty Supper on Saturday night.

Munday Dinner.

**O**n this lory fare all that day I did feed,  
And on Monday morning on purpose to win her,  
I went and got money to furnysh her need,  
And now you shall hear what I had to my Diner:  
A Pye made of Geese, with Duckes and Pigs eyer,  
With a deale of sweet Honey my taste to delight:  
With sweet Lambe and Chickin my mind to suffice,  
These passed my Supper on Saturday night.

Another Pye made with a many sheepes eyes,  
With sweet Sugart Candy that pleased my pallet,  
These semell Banquets my spouse did assone,  
And with her assistance I made this mad Ballet.  
There's no man that's wife with my paines reprehend  
For most married men will confess I say right;  
Yet on no occasion this Dister was pend,  
But to spetn our rare Supper on Saturday night.

FINIS.

M. P.

London, Printed by M. P. for Fr. Grove, neere the  
Saxons head without Newgate.